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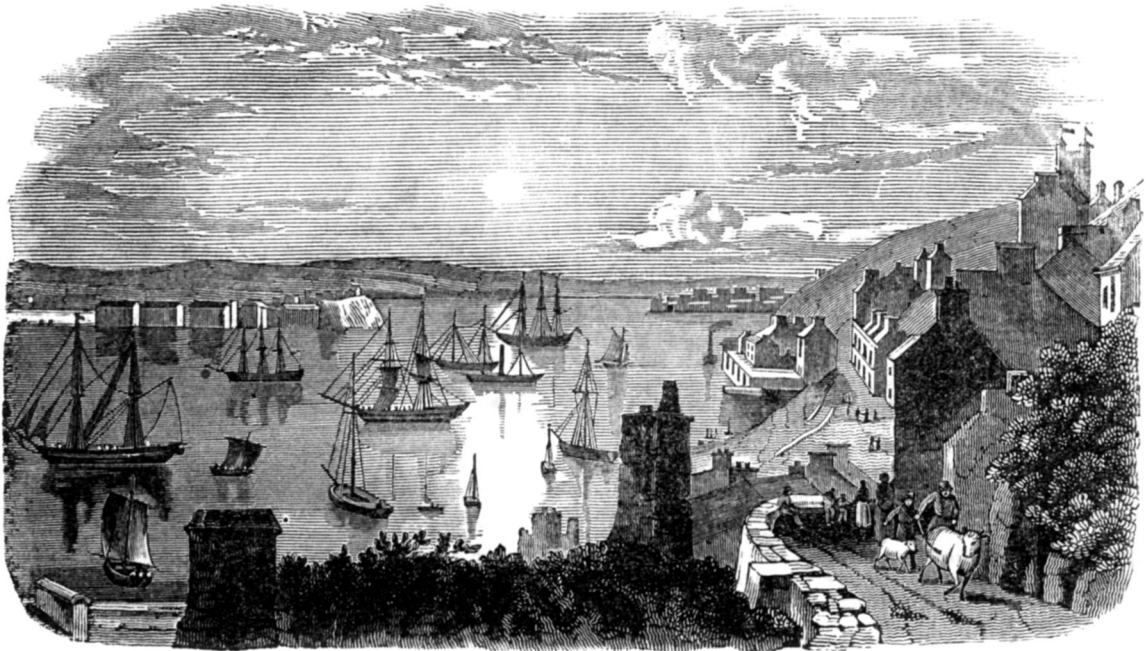
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The Cove of Cork.

COVE OF CORK.

Nor very many years ago, COVE was merely a fishing village, and residence of Custom-house officers. Its natural advantages have now rendered it an important place; for its harbour is undoubtedly the noblest asylum for shipping in Europe. Nothing can be conceived more enchanting than to proceed either by land or water from Cork to Cove: more especially when there is a king's fleet in the harbour. It is worth taking a journey from Dublin to Cork to see it; and it may be made a question, whether even Killarney, with all its lakes, mountains, woods, and waterfalls, is calculated to fill the mind with nobler or sublimer thoughts, or lovelier images than the scenery of land and river, as you proceed to the harbour from the city. When the tide is in the Lee, it looks a fine river: as indeed it is, for it almost rivals the Blackwater in the romantic beauties of its course, from its source in the sublime and sacred lake of Gougane Barra, until it mingles its waters with the sea, in Cork harbour.

Suppose you depart from Cork for Cove, by water—on the left, as you proceed down the river, are the wooded heights of Glanmire, crowned with numerous villas and mansions.—On the right, the almost equally rich grounds leading to Blackrock Castle and Monkstown. The great interest of the passage by water to Cove, arises from the sinuous winding of the estuary of the Lee, by which rapid changes of scenery are presented to your view, embellished by a succession of woods, ships, castles, and villages. Blackrock Castle is fine—the reach at Passage, where merchant vessels usually ride at anchor, is beautiful; but when you turn Battery Point, and see the noble harbour of Cork spreading its broad bosom before you, with its fortified isles, and a large fleet riding securely under their shelter, you feel that it is at once lovely and magnificent.

Cove certainly is a delightful sea-shore residence. The town is situated on the steep side of the hill, with a southern exposure; beneath it, and around it extends the noble land-locked harbour, surrounded by fine demesnes; it is clean, from the steepness of the hill on which it is built: and dry, from its southern exposure. It is deservedly considered a place favorable to invalids; and we believe no situation in Ireland enjoys so mild and genial a climate;—perhaps the air may be rather moist for some constitutions; but if that is found to

be no objection, let those in search of a milder climate, try Cove; in the spring of the year more especially it is not subjected to those keen withering easterly winds, that are so detrimental to weakly frames, and under which many still suffer who seek for health in the south of France, and the shores of the Mediterranean. Let any one read Starke's Travels in France and Italy, and they will find that Montpellier, Nice, Genoa, and Naples, all suffer under distressing winds in the spring season—that the *Vent de Bize*, or the Sirocco winds, blowing from the parched shores of Africa, are intolerable to any delicate constitution, and many only proceed to those boasted southern shores to live with less comfort, and die the sooner—far from friends, and all those accommodations and associations that smooth the pillow, and alleviate the sufferings of the invalid. We have seen a residence in Cove restore many to health; and even to those who need no physician, Cove, for a great part of the year, must be a delightful residence. Not only the beauty of the surrounding country—the lively society afforded by the shipping in the harbour—the ready and rapid communication with the city of Cork; the cheapness of all sorts of provisions, and the abundant supply of the best fish, render it a very attractive place of resort; and we only regret that certain circumstances have, for the present, diminished its importance.

POTATOES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Sir—I perceive by your sixth number that the Ghost of Brian Boroihme has invaded my territories, and taken up the subject of "National Emblems." I will, therefore, though in despite of the proverb that a living dog is better than a dead Lion, leave it in his hands, and proceed to give you a few loose rambling rolicking thoughts on that pride of an Irishman—the *Potatoe*.

Nothing can be sweeter than new potatoes and milk for supper, provided one does not indulge too freely. This error I committed one evening not long ago, and the consequence was a dyspeptic fit, which my wife mistaking for incipient cholera, sent off to a medical hall for that infallible draft which its cunning leech has compounded for our good citizens, and which, if it has not cured well, has at least well filled his

pockets, and that was *quantum suff.* for him. The draft had on my naturally sound stomach, no bad effect; the opium it contained communicated that dreamy, sensitive drowsiness, which, while it makes the body torpid, sets the mind at work, and calls up a host of confused ideal associations and broken images. And as a muddled conviction existed in my deranged sensorium that *Potatoes* had brought me to the state I was in, there arose before me a sort of potatoe vision, and methought I sat in a court house, and a legal investigation was going on, relative to the merits and demerits of the potatoe family. And at the bar stood the representative of the race, awaiting the result—his face was a *red-nosed kidney*—his arms were *Wicklow hangers*—his breast was a *Judy Brown's fancy*—his stomach was a *cup*—his nether parts were *barbarous wonders*—his legs were *long Cork reds*—and his feet *Connaught lumps*. As he held up his hand to plead not guilty, I perceived a new sort called *long fingers*, and some one whispered to me that the variety which formed his cranium was much given to the curl.

The trial had begun—and a bullnecked burly *bragadocio* sort of counsel, whose name was CORBETT, led the case for the prosecution. "My lord, and gentlemen of the Jury," he proceeded, "there never came before you a greater culprit than the prisoner at the bar. He has done incalculable mischief, and has raised and supported a miserable population, who depend on him alone for subsistence, and who, should he fail them, have nothing else to look to—they must have potatoes or perish. By his pernicious influence, a brave manly people have been brought down to the lowest level of mere existence. At one time he has copiously supplied them with food, and encouraged extravagance and waste—at another he has disappointed their hopes, and sent famine through the land, and caused shrieks of despair to be heard on every side, and disease has cried 'havoc, and let slip the dogs of war!' Gentlemen of the Jury, let me tell you that the people who subsist on this detestable root are standing on the last rung of the ladder of human life, below which they cannot go, unless some other foreigner can succeed in persuading them to quit the potatoe, and live on pig nuts, or extract nourishment from the seaweed that covers the ocean rocks. Sir Walter Raleigh found this abominable root—this vile batata—amongst the savages of Guiana, who were in the habit of making up for the uncertainty of its produce, in the seasons of its failure, by eating the fat and slimy earth found along the banks of the great river Orinoko. It would have been well for Ireland, had this dangerous speculator kept his batatas to himself—it would have been well had he never touched upon her shores, and still better had he never put the Guiana root in Irish earth—or seeing he was determined on an experiment, it would have been well had the grim and fire-eating captain of good Queen Bess given something to balance the evils of the uncertainty of the potatoe produce—and failing that, it would have been a glorious circumstance for the three kingdoms had he lost his head before he introduced among us his abominable tobacco and detestable potatoe.*

"Gentlemen of the Jury—there was a time, 'ere Ireland's woes began,' when potatoes were unknown—that root of all her miseries—when the people fed on beef and mutton like myself, and looked as fair and fat and stout as I do—when no poor dwarfish, sallow-skinned spalpeens were to be seen—and when the enemies of the country, if they happened to gain an advantage in any slight skirmish, used to be astonished, in stripping the slain, on finding bodies so plump and fair. We English look with pity not unmingled with contempt, on your potatoed people—and though doubtless they are sometimes as good at *handling the stalk*, as in eating the root, can you compare your children of this ground apple to the sons of bread, beer, and cheese? Now, I am well aware that the counsel for the defence will reply that the use of the potatoe enables Ireland to be a great exporting country. But this is an argument for needy and greedy landlords. It may be well for *them* that eight millions of people, by living on potatoes, can export eight millions of produce—but it is only such degraded countries as Poland and Ireland, that export corn while the cultivators of the soil live on the vile garbage of roots. China does not export—Holland does not export—France does not export—and yet Ireland exports! Now, gentlemen, compare an English labourer's expenditure with an Irishman's. The one eats bread, bacon, and cheese—drinks beer, ten, and coffee—uses sugar, malt, and sundry excisable commodities—wears things and consumes things that employ the manufacturers, and pay the taxes of the nation—and thus farmers and ma-

nufacturers mutually do well, and find a ready market at their own doors. But a native of Ireland, living on potatoes, and using half a stone each day, worth perhaps but a penny, and a half-penny worth of buttermilk, and making use but of the produce of a pig and a few poultry for the supply of his wretched raiment, using scarcely any manufactured commodity, and consuming nothing taxable but whiskey—why, if the Englishman's income and expenditure may be represented by £30, the Irishman's may safely be set down at £1.—and Ireland, instead of increasing in wealth, is sinking in poverty, and steeped in crime—and all owing to that rascally, lazy culprit at the bar, who has made Ireland a lazy land, Irishmen a lazy people, and prevented the country from being what it might have been—the most prosperous country under the face of the sun! I hope, gentlemen, that your verdict this day will have the effect of sending Mister Potatoe beyond seas for the term of his natural life; and that Irishmen, in his absence, will learn to eat some of their own corn, taste a little of their own bacon, brew their own beer, make their own candles, and cut up their own pigs; and then will they be 'what they ought to be,' have a shilling in their pocket, and a rasher on their gridiron all the year round."

Having said this, and a great deal more, in a broad, bold, vulgar, but infinitely more perspicuous style than I can pretend to, he sat down; and then up rose counsellor Mealy O'Murphy, who, with broad grinning humour in his countenance, and with the confident air and address of one who had been thrice dipt in the Shannon, and had licked the blarney stone, replied as follows:—

"My lord, and gentlemen of the Jury—the only word of truth which the counsel opposite spoke this blessed day was when he said we could *handle the stalk*, as well as eat the root. I was going to say he spoke like an Eng^lishman—but I must make no national reflections, and just say this much, that he spoke like a man who thought that every blessing of life lay in swilling beer, bolting bacon, baking bread, and chewing cheese. Now, gentlemen, I am not ashamed to avow myself a lover and an eater of potatoes; and I am sure all who hear me to day will admit that a bellyful is a bellyful all the world over; and I, for one, would sooner have my stomach charged with good mealy potatoes and cooling buttermilk than with all the stale bread and parings of old cheese that were ever cut in an English village. No people on the earth are more happy and contented than the Hindoos, and they live strictly on vegetable food; and the people of Ireland love their potatoes, and are happy and contented with them. It is not the potatoe that is the root of their misery, as my learned brother, with little logic and less wit, averred—no! the celebrated agriculturist, Arthur Young, coinciding with the well-known Irish carol—

"The sweetest diversion that's under the sun,
Is to sit by the fire till the *Prairie* me done!"

expatiates with pleasure on the comforts of sitting by a blazing turf fire, and stripping the jackets off a potful of potatoes previous to *pouching* them; and potatoes seasoned with an egg, or a herring, and washed down with milk, are not to be sneezed at by any beer and bacon devourer in Great Britain. What! compare a feast of genuine, white, mealy *Irish* potatoes and buttermilk, with a slice of stale bread cut from a well watched loaf, and eaten with a piece of hard indigestible cheese, and sent down with a draft of druggists' beer—such an absurdity!

"Gentlemen of the Jury—the potatoe never did harm in Ireland. My client is not indeed accountable for all the bastards and imposters who have assumed his name—the people of London never see a *rare* potatoe—let them come to Dublin and we will give them a taste, not of trashy poisonous roots, but of round, lumpy, dry, and wholesome *apples*, that would bring a cockney's heart to his mouth. Yes! give my countrymen fair play, and they'll never part the potatoe—let the landlords invest capital, and let the government introduce a proper system of poor laws, in our land—let manufactures be established, and employment be given—let all be done which ought to be done, and from every Irish cabin will the smoke be seen ascending just previous to the dinner hour, and if a stranger chose to enter, he would get *cead mille failte* to a share of a glorious rasher of bacon, and still more glorious potatoes; and on winter nights, when the storm is sweeping over the hills, and the rain pattering furiously against the door, how happy, how truly felicitous, to sit in a circle all round the fire, to hear the pot boiling, to see the beautiful roots bursting their coats, and showing their fair faces, to hold the herring on the point of a fork till it fizzes into an eating condition, to see the milk poured out into all the jugs, and to see the happy faces, and listen to the loud laughter

* It may not be generally known that when Sir Walter Raleigh's servants first saw him smoking tobacco, they thought he was on fire, and ran over to *extinguish* him!

of the children—Oh! give me a winter night, a turf fire, a rasher of bacon, and a mealy potatoe.

"Now, gentlemen, it is a big lie that the Irish people are discontented with their potatoe. True, they want something along with them—and *potatoes and point* are very dry fare. But even with nothing but the potatoe, who for a moment would compare the moral habits, the female chastity, the conjugal fidelity, the mutual dependence that exist in an Irish cabin, where scarcely any thing but potatoe are eaten, with the moral laxity that is engendered in the lofts of an English manufactory. Why, gentlemen, an Irishman, sooner than let his aged father or mother drag out the remainder of their days in a workhouse, would give, not the *half*, but the *whole* of his last potatoe to keep them at his own fire side.

"But, gentlemen, I am not arguing for the exclusive use of the potatoe. Let the people be encouraged to use other food in the spring and summer seasons—let landlords be kind and considerate, so that while they live they would let live—let rents be lowered—let the potatoe have a long *vacation*—and I fearlessly assert that the day would (or should) be kept as a joyful anniversary in which the first potatoe was set in Irish soil. It is a root which has reared millions of sound men—men fit to fight the battles of their king and country over sea and land, and exult the red cross flag of the British monarch in every clime and on every shore. Gentlemen, I cannot for a moment doubt but that you will give a verdict of acquittal for my client, who, as base insinuations have been thrown out respecting his arrival in our country, I beg leave to assure you is most anxious to inform you that his name is not derived from the Spanish word, *batata*, but was given to him in merry Ireland, and is thus declined—pot-eat-O's—that is what the O's—the O'Murphy and the O'Toole eat out of—a Pot!"

Here the opium ceased to operate—my revivie was disturbed by the heavy breathings of my worthy wife, who was indeed rapidly approaching that trumpeting state called a *snore*; and trial, judge, jury, verdict, all vanished, "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not a wreck behind."

I am, Sir, yours to command,

TERENCE O'TOOLE.

CURRAN AND THE MILLER'S DOG.

Curran told me, with infinite humour, of an adventure between him and a mastiff, when he was a boy. He had heard somebody say, that any person throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, holding out his arms, and creeping along backward, might frighten the fiercest dog, and put him to flight. He accordingly made the attempt on a miller's animal in the neighbourhood, who *would never let the boys rob the orchard*; but found to his sorrow that he had a dog to deal with who did not care which end of a boy went foremost, so as he could get a bite out of it. "I pursued the instructions," said Curran;—"and as I had no eyes save those in front, fancied the mastiff was in full retreat: but I was confoundedly mistaken; for at the very moment I thought myself victorious, the enemy attacked my rear, and having got a reasonably good mouthful out of it, was fully prepared to take another before I was rescued."—*Barrington's Sketches.*

THE POOR COLONIES OF HOLLAND.

It is painful to be perpetually recurring to the *miseries* of Ireland: yet painful as it is, the subject must at times be adverted to. All classes and all creeds, both of religion and politics, have proposed their various remedies for the cure of the multiplied diseases which have afflicted a country so *really* capable of being rendered a fine and fertile land—we do not intend to suggest any thing either new or wonderful, but simply to bring before the attention of our readers what has been done on the Continent for the amelioration of the condition of the working classes.

A BENEVOLENT SOCIETY was established in Holland in the year 1818, with twenty thousand members, paying a penny a week. In Fredericks-Oord the experiment was made with a success so delightful and complete, that the government and the inhabitants of Holland generally called for the extension of the scheme, and viewed it as one of the best methods of ameliorating the condition of the poor. Now a scheme may succeed in one country, and fail in another: and although the success of the Dutch Benevolent Society may well encourage the formation of a British one, the experiment ought to be made with caution and care. We paid two successive visits to the establishment called Orliston, (about

twelve miles from Glasgow in Scotland,) which was founded somewhat upon Mr. Owen's plan; and whatever opinion may be entertained by the writer about the plans and principles of the New Lanark philanthropist, it was certainly a vexatious thing to see many thousand pounds actually wasted and thrown away, by neglect, mismanagement, and stupidity, and an opportunity lost of making an experiment on a large scale, whether co-operation was or was not available by numbers of the labouring classes. The following account of the Poor Colonies of Holland is extracted from a book published by a member of the Highland Society of Scotland:

"The funds which the Society derives from contributions, gifts, and other sources, are employed solely and exclusively for the purpose of founding agricultural colonies, where the indigent are relieved from want, by means of their own labour; and where the young and ignorant are instructed, and ultimately returned to that intercourse with the world, for which they had become unfit, in a condition to provide for their own wants, and to yield obedience to the laws.

"The rules of the society were sanctioned by the king of Holland, and circulated by the government authorities; twenty thousand individuals became members at a penny a week; and an annual revenue was raised, for the first experiment, of 70,000 florins (12 florins make £1. sterling) and 26,000 yards of cloth.

"The Society being thus constituted, and its finances in such a condition as to inspire the public with confidence in its operations, the manor of Westerbeeck-Sloot was bought at the price of 56,000 florins. This estate, which the Society had chosen for their first experiment, is situated on the confines of the provinces of Drenth, Frise and Overysse, and at a short distance to the north-east of the small town of Steenwyk. The 600 morgen, (a morgen is about one and two-thirds of an English statute acre,) of which it consists, were, with the exception, of 50 or 60, covered only with a stunted heather and mossy earth. A more unpromising subject for the labours of the agriculturist could scarcely have been selected; but the very bleakness and desolation of its surface, and the comparatively feeble powers of production which existed in its soil, were the reasons why these philanthropists of Holland resolved to select it for their first attempt. It was justly supposed that, if the experiment could succeed in such unfavourable circumstances, and under the unskilful superintendence connected with every commencement, no doubt could exist regarding the success which would attend the Society in all their other efforts.

"The 50 or 60 morgen already cultivated, were let to tenants; and 150 morgen of the waste and desert heath were set apart for the establishment of the first colony, which was called Fredericks-Oord, from the prince Frederick, who had so nobly undertaken to preside over their philanthropic exertions.

"After deepening the river Aa, and making such roads as were sufficient to connect this wilderness with the adjacent country, a warehouse, a school, two manufacturing halls, and 52 farm-houses, were erected for the reception of 52 families of destitute poor, who took possession on the 1st November, 1818."

The colonists were all required, on their arrival, to sign and to promise to obey, various rules which were made for the regulation of the colony, but our limits forbid the transcribing of them. One excellent feature in them is the total abolition of religious distinctions.

"Let us now follow the colonist in his career as a farm servant, and trace the progress by which the cultivation is effected. The land, hitherto subjected to the operations of the Society, consists of a surface of heath and moss-earth resting upon a substratum of sand. The moss varies from six inches to twelve or fifteen feet in thickness, and occasionally presents the appearance of a bog.

"Where the sand is covered with a layer of moss of 10 or 12 inches thick, the first operation is to pare off the heath or coarse surface to the thickness of three or four inches. These turfs are laid in heaps, and the ground is dug to the depth of eighteen inches, and the sand and turf well mixed together. Three-fourths of the turf which have been pared from the surface, are now slowly consumed by means of a moderate heat, and as much as possible without flame. The ashes are spread over the soil, immediately before the sowing of the seed, and are equally distributed over the surface, by means of a light harrow drawn by two men. The remaining fourth of the turf from the surface, is prepared as a compost, by mixing up the produce of a morgen of it with fifteen loads of fresh horse-dung, fifteen loads of cleanings of the roads, and twenty schepels of hot lime. These different ingredients